

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE
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No. 3648. Vol. 140.

26 September 1925

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

CONSIDERING the careful stage-management and the puffs preliminary, Mr. Lloyd George's new Land Campaign has fallen about as flat as it possibly could. If he would know the reason we can tell him. It is that this new scheme (in reality it is not new, but a clumsy and half-cooked rehash of other people's ideas) came not from heart and head, but from head alone. No more dismal proof of the bankruptcy of the Liberal Party could be forthcoming than its desperate casting about for a policy. A programme that will appeal to the people must be dictated by conviction, not merely by opportunism. Mr. George has been flirting with Prohibition. "Back to the Land," or "Back to the Feeding-Bottle"—this was his dilemma. He tossed up and it has come down "Land." But the coin is counterfeit; it does not ring true.

WALES AND AMERICA

Mr. Lloyd George, pending his recent re-discovery by the *Observer*, has been writing articles for the Hearst Press, and we suppose it

is only due to him that Mr. Hearst should acquire a castle in Wales. But let it not be supposed that this nation, long-suffering as it is, is utterly incapable of reprisals. We hear rumours of a strong, though hitherto secret, movement having for its object the sending to America of Mr. Caradoc Evans. If Wales gets its ideas of America from observation of Mr. Hearst, and America its ideas of Wales from listening to Mr. Evans, there will permanently be a salt, unplumbed, estranging sea between the two potential partners to this odd little *entente*.

THE MORAL OF STOCKPORT

How grievously disappointing it would have been to a section of the ostensibly Conservative Press if the Conservative candidate had been successful at Stockport! The Labour victory has enabled certain papers to indulge in their favourite recreation of lecturing Mr. Baldwin, who, we gather, could have ensured a Conservative triumph by spending a week-end with the Press Peers instead of taking a possibly not unearned rest in those recesses of the Continent into which the Press Peers' papers do not penetrate. But the

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

truth about Stockport is, first, that a large majority of the voters declared against Socialism, and, secondly, that the immense and deserved personal popularity of the Liberal candidate rendered it extremely improbable that mere anti-Socialists would vote for the representative of Conservatism.

AUSTRALIA AND THE LABOUR CHALLENGE

The Australian Premier has justified the high esteem in which he is held by his courageous promptitude in seeking a decision by the electorate of the question whether the Dominion shall be governed by its Government or by irresponsible Labour agitators. Were the actions of human beings governed by logic, were the ancient definition of man as a logical animal not hopelessly premature even in our day, he could count on the support of all sane Labour leaders. For if the unauthorized shipping strike is to be countenanced, there must be an end to all belief in collective bargaining, and on that must follow the collapse of Trade Unionism. As things are in Australia, Mr. Bruce is faced with opposition to the central authority by certain States of the Dominion as well as by economic trouble. He has been eminently wise in taking up the challenge at once and without any hint of possible compromise. On any other issue he would have had much less chance of success than he now has, though his triumph is by no means assured even on this ground.

STRIKES AND THE DOMINIONS

That it is in the power of Labour extremists to disorganize British industry is, unhappily, a commonplace. We are now, however, beginning to learn that it is also in their power to embitter relations between the Dominions and this country. The unauthorized and utterly illegitimate shipping strike has aroused intense feeling in South Africa, where producers of fruit and other perishable articles of export are asking indignantly whether the British Government is not to blame for allowing a domestic dispute to endanger inter-Empire trade. What is worse, but in the circumstances inevitable, the question is being put whether South Africa, after this experience, can afford to rely on British shipping. From this it is but a very short step to proposals for encouraging foreign shipping. The remedy, however, is in the hands, not of the British Government, but of British Labour. Mr. Havelock Wilson has taken a strong line, but what are Labour leaders generally doing to support him?

THE MOSUL BLUNDER

In our view the League Council should have taken its courage in both hands and should have decided the Mosul question outright instead of referring part of it to the Court of International Justice. An indifferent decision given at once would have been more valuable than a perfect decision given three months hence. Had Mr. Amery not been instructed to press so unremittingly for Mosul, the whole problem might by now have been settled, since the Turks have agreed to give up the Diala basin, which the Commission recommended should in any case belong to Irak. If we are to avoid constant friction with the Turks along the frontier, and constant risings, engineered by Turkish propagandists, in the Mosul Vilayet, we shall have to agree to partition. The British

Government would do better to press for an advantageous division than to demand Mosul and all the expenses it would involve.

THE TROUBLE BEGINS

Our protests against Mr. Amery's endeavour to get this country entangled in Irak for a quarter of a century more are amply justified by the events of the week. The frontier incidents we apprehended have already begun. The Turks have interfered with villages south of the provisional frontier line, and Mr. Amery has been obliged to ask the hesitant League to undertake a special inquiry into these irregularities. We may hope that the League of Nations authorities will take this opportunity of recovering a little of the prestige lost by their handling of the Mosul question; but whatever they may do, it is plain that for weeks to come there will be daily risk of happenings that would oblige Great Britain to choose between war with Turkey and an abject withdrawal from an impossible position. For what has this risk been taken? In order that we may spend for twenty-five years money from which we can have no return, and that at the end of that period the Turk may recover, as he will, whatever of Mosul may be temporarily attached to Irak, if not Irak itself.

SECURITY IN THE WEST—

The German Nationalists, who habitually choose the oddest methods of proving their patriotism, have added considerably, by their revolt against the Security Pact, to Herr Stresemann's difficulties in making Germany once more a free, self-respecting country, able to deal with the other Great Powers on a basis of equality. Their bark, however, is generally worse than their bite, and the real difficulties in the Security discussions are likely to come from the French rather than from the Germans. Apart from the problem of automatic sanctions in the event of "flagrant aggression," to which attention has been drawn in these columns, we may expect a severe struggle over the interdependence between the Western and the Eastern Pacts. There is a strong movement in France in favour of making the Western Pact dependent on the success of negotiations for an Eastern Pact. If there is to be no security on the Rhine until parallel negotiations between Germany and Poland have met with success, we shall have no Western Pact for many months to come.

—AND IN THE EAST

Actions lead to reactions, and the improving relations between Great Britain, France and Germany are having interesting effects in Eastern Europe. Since agreement on the Western Pact can only be reached at the expense, to a certain degree, of France's eastern allies—for Germany will have nothing to do with any arrangement which allows France to act as arbiter in a German-Polish dispute—these eastern allies are beginning to look out for themselves. Czechoslovakia would like her alliance with France to remain intact, but she has three million Germans within her frontiers and it is, therefore, so much to her interest to see better relations between France and Germany that she can afford to have her French treaty weakened. As for Poland, she is at last realizing that, having a powerful potential enemy on either flank, she

cannot afford to be on bad terms with more than one at a time. There is, therefore, a very remarkable change for the better in her relations with Russia.

AN ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

The League of Nations' decision to summon an international economic conference is not sensational, but it is important. There seems to be fairly general agreement that wars in the future would be much less likely to arise over frontier disputes, as in the past, than over tariff and immigration barriers. The problem of birth control is undoubtedly one which, sooner or later, will have to be dealt with internationally, since it may direct the whole policy of a nation. The force and danger of Fascismo, for example, lies in the fact that Italy has no raw materials and no outlet for a population which increases at the rate of half a million a year. Public opinion is not yet ripe for an international study of population problems, but it is ripe for closer economic co-operation, and although the League's conference would confine itself to passing resolutions, these resolutions should assist economic recovery just as much as the resolutions of the League's Brussels Conference assisted financial recovery.

THE FRENCH IN SYRIA

Although France is far too engrossed in events in Morocco to pay much attention to the Near East, the situation in Syria still remains grave. At one moment the Druses, who have entertained an admiring affection for Great Britain for the last sixty years, had hoped that they might be incorporated in Transjordan under a British mandate. They have now realized the folly of such expectations, but Sultan-Pasha el Atrash appears in no way to have modified his plans to rid himself of French control. Strong French reinforcements have now reached Syria, but it has still to be seen whether drastic measures against the Druses will not bring other tribesmen, hitherto neutral, to their support against the French. The rising interests Great Britain, not only on account of the difficulties it makes for a neighbouring and friendly colonial power, but also because it puts an end to the one rapid method of communication with Bagdad, across the desert from Basra.

CHINA

The steps taken to speed up the examination of the extra-territorial question and the suspension of the Shanghai Chief of Police until the completion of the inquiry into the Shanghai disorders have succeeded in allaying a little of China's distrust for Great Britain. Had these concessions been made a couple of months ago their effect would have been enormous; as it is, we fear they come too late to strengthen the Central Government, and without a strong executive in Peking negotiations on extra-territoriality or Customs become virtually impossible. Owing in part to our hesitation, civil war between the two strongest generals in China, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang and General Chang Tso-lin is now almost inevitable; and although Chang, if victorious, should be a reasonable man to deal with, his victory can hardly be anticipated for several weeks, during which British subjects and businesses will have to face the menace of massacre or ruin.

WHITHER?

TO what is this nation moving? It is no exaggeration to say that the question, which a few years before the war would have been merely a silly season diversion, and which during and immediately after the war would have evoked none but confident answers, is now being asked on all sides with something like despair. It is not merely that the minds of many are depressed by the facts of our economic situation, by the ferocity of taxation, the vastness of national expenditure, the loss of export markets, the frequency and bitterness of labour troubles, the apathy or cynicism of thousands who seem to rely habitually on the dole. It is not only that many are dejected by the slowness with which the general settlement of European questions arising out of the war proceeds, and by British entanglements in the East. What, we believe, accounts for the profoundest pessimism is the feeling that the nation is losing the will to live its old life, or, indeed, any life worthy of a great and united people. It is not so much the magnitude of the obstacles before us as a nation, but the apparent decline in energy to overcome them that fills so many of us with gloom. Is that decline real? How far does it extend? Is it only temporary?

We may ask, but it is difficult to find a plain answer. Far too many of us have reasons for giving answers that are not quite straightforward. The Labour agitator is anxious to depict in the very darkest colours what he calls the collapse of Capitalism. He will ignore whatever omens of possible revival there may be in order to assert that the old order is bankrupt of ideas and of vigour, and must therefore at once be swept away in favour of Socialism. The champions of Capitalism vie with him in gloominess, only putting the murkiest colours on that part of the picture which represents the anarchical movements in Labour. Various types of moralists are engaged in explaining that socially we are hastening to an unprecedented degradation, because only by persuading us of that can they hope to check some petty evil about which they are specially exercised.

The answers we get, in short, are very highly coloured by the desire to secure the adoption of some pet reform, pending which, we are told, the nation can but go from bad to worse. At the moment, at least as regards the Conservatives, there is a strong tendency to suggest that the very first, if not also the last, thing needed to restore health and energy to the nation is drastic action against the Reds. Well, the Reds are a curse to part of the nation, and in the measure that they get hold of the machinery of Trade Unionism they will aggravate the confusion and distress from which our industries are suffering. But the Reds could achieve little if they had not something to work upon. Unfortunately, they have a good deal. They have not only the facts of the economic situation, and misrepresentations of those facts rendered easy by the gross ignorance of our masses in regard to the elements of economics; they have also the prevailing pessimism. They may, if they choose, quote from the defenders of the old order of society very many criticisms implying that the nation is done, the resources of Parliamentary statesmanship exhausted. They can cite authorities on the other side to suggesting that almost

anything would be better than the condition into which after nearly seven years of peace the nation has drifted. Let us not be too ready to supply them, unintentionally, with ammunition of this kind. On the other hand, let us refrain from endeavours to cheer up the people by colouring our own answers to the questions that press upon us.

Mr. Baldwin very justly remarked not long ago that if the nation cannot save itself no Government can save it. That is perfectly true, and the reminder was necessary in an age in which far too much dependence on Government aid is evident on all sides. But, specific measures apart, there is something the Government can do. It can give the nation a policy comprehensive enough, simple enough, stirring enough, to elicit hearty response from at least a very considerable part of the people. Has it done so? With a lively sense of the benefits the country has had from the present Government, we are bound to say it has not. The imaginations and emotions of the people in the street and in the fields have not been quickened by the Government. They have not been made sensible of a great, simple policy running through the acts of the Government. On the contrary, they have rather come to feel that this country is being governed with a view to meeting sudden difficulties by improvisation, not always of the most heroic kind. The fault is no doubt largely with circumstances, not with Ministers, but we cannot help feeling that more might have been done to give the nation an inspiring lead. It is not too late now. A bold and simple policy, obviously directed towards securing national revival, would still meet with hearty response. A great plain scheme for getting more people out of this country to the Dominions, and more people away from the doors at which doles are dispensed on to the fields of our countryside, would rouse the nation. But we acknowledge readily the limits within which the Government can help the nation to win back faith in itself. The main part of the work must be done, now as always, by the nation, by the individuals composing it. But the very beginning of that work is definition of the purpose for which the nation exists. Have we an Imperial mission? The most of us are becoming sceptical about it or tired of it. Are we in some special sense the guardians of civilization, or at any rate of a particular and peculiarly valuable kind of civilization? Fewer and fewer of us seem concerned to preserve the true British tradition and those ways of life which expressed our national character. More materialistically, are we destined to remain the great manufacturing and exporting nation that we were, or have world conditions and our own so altered as to give us a new destiny, and if they have, what must we do to meet the novel conditions? Not many are seriously concerned to answer. Willingness to drift, with more or less of indifference to the direction: that is our greatest danger. Yet we have but to decide, each for himself, the purpose for which the nation exists, and to be resolute in furthering it, for a national revival to follow. The new nation, if in some sort we are to be a new nation, can only issue from clear-eyed and vigorous and painful effort. The progress of science has mitigated the pangs of individual birth, but it has not yet provided for a new nation to be born in twilight sleep.

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SELBORNE,
K.G., G.C.M.G.

We publish below the first of a series of three articles by Lord Selborne on the reform of the Second Chamber. Neither the writer nor his subject need further recommendation to our readers. The second article will appear next week.

I

THE Government of Great Britain is a Constitutional monarchy, but the policy of the Government is settled by the opinions of the electors, or rather of the majority of the electors. This is what we mean when we talk of democracy in Great Britain. We mean that the general principles of policy pursued by the Government are those which the majority of the electors for the time prefer. In a modern country with a population of forty millions it is quite impossible for all the electors to be consulted on the details of policy; we have therefore worked out a plan by which we elect to the House of Commons representatives who control the details of policy both in legislation and in administration, the initiation and execution of which is entrusted to the Government, and in particular to the Cabinet, which is the name by which the collection of Ministers is known who have been chosen by the Prime Minister, the Leader of the party which the majority of the electors at the last General Election have shown by their votes that they prefer. These representatives, drawn from a large number of geographical areas in which the electors are divided into groups, each electing one or more members, compose the House of Commons. It will thus be seen that, as our Constitution has now evolved, the House of Commons is the trustee of the electors, chosen to express their general views of policy and to control the Cabinet in the execution of the details of that policy.

Five hundred years ago the House of Lords, which is a body of older origin than the House of Commons, possessed more power than the House of Commons; at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 it still possessed a great share of independent authority; but all that has been altered since 1832, and when the crisis of the Parliament Act of 1911 arose the position taken up by the House of Lords was quite clearly defined. The House of Lords accepted the decision of the majority of the electors as final without reservation, but it held itself entitled to interpose delay for the purpose of ascertaining what was the settled and definite opinion of the majority of the electors. In Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Rosebery's Government of 1892-1895 the House of Commons passed a Bill conferring Home Rule upon Ireland. The House of Lords threw out that Bill in the belief that the majority of the electors was not in favour of the policy. That the House of Lords was right in interpreting the wishes of the electors, and the House of Commons wrong, was clearly proved when, at the General Election of 1895, the Liberals were heavily defeated and Lord Salisbury was again returned to power with a large Conservative majority. Again, in 1909 the House of Lords threw out Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, believing

that the majority of the electors was not in favour of it, which indeed proved to be true, because at the General Election in January, 1910, the Liberals lost so many seats that they no longer had a majority over the Conservatives and Irish Nationalist Parties combined. As the Conservatives were opposed to the land taxes and the Irish Nationalists to the whisky duties, there was actually a majority returned in opposition to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. But the Irish Nationalists were open to a deal, and they were prepared to vote for Mr. Lloyd George's Budget and the whisky duties on condition that Mr. Asquith pledged himself to destroy the power of the House of Lords to ensure an appeal to the electors and, having done that, to pass a Bill for Home Rule in Ireland whether a majority of the electors was in favour of that policy or not. The bargain was struck; the House of Commons again passed Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, and the House of Lords at once bowed to the decision of the representatives of the electors and passed it also.

It is not necessary to discuss the question whether the House of Lords, before the Parliament Act, interposed too long a delay in the settlement of certain questions or not. That must remain a matter of opinion. What is quite certain is that the House of Lords did not claim to set itself against the considered judgment of the electors, and that it regarded itself also as a trustee of the electors. This constituted a great security for the rights of the electors to have the final word in all fundamental issues. The electors were quite certain that as soon as their will was definitely expressed the House of Lords would bow to it. They were also secured from the danger that the House of Commons might usurp their authority and settle fundamental issues in a manner not approved of by, or even abhorrent to, the majority of the electors. A Single Chamber is, in fact, a very dangerous thing for the electors. The Single Chamber may cease to regard itself as the servant of the electors and may make itself their master. This is why elaborate precautions are taken in all free and civilized countries—except now in Great Britain—that no change in the Constitution, or other matters of fundamental importance, should be settled without the assurance that the majority of the electors approve of the settlement. In the United States of America and in France the Constitution can only be changed by special process, and the Senate in both countries is given great power. In Switzerland and in Australia there is provision for a direct ballot of the people in respect of any issue of first-class importance, which ensures that the Parliament of Switzerland or of Australia does not pass a measure of great importance contrary to the wish of the majority of the electors. Thus it was that on a ballot of the electors the proposal for a capital levy was rejected in Switzerland, and in Australia during the war the proposal of compulsory military service.

Whether democracy is or is not a good form of government will be a matter of disputation as long as the world exists; but it is a mere travesty of democracy to pretend that the decision rests with the electors, and then to make a temporary and possibly fanatical majority of a single chamber the sovereign legislative authority. Do not let us forget what actually happened in England at the time of the Long Parliament. After the King had

been beheaded and the House of Lords abolished, the remnants of the House of Commons tried to arrogate to themselves supreme and exclusive power, and, by declaring themselves perpetual, endeavoured to secure themselves against the consequences of dissolution—that is, against an appeal to the electors. The usurpation was only ended by the sword of Cromwell.

THE SIXTH ASSEMBLY

GENEVA, September 23, 1925

THE Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations has been dull, but not uneventful. After the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain and France had left Geneva the Press galleries of the Assembly Hall remained empty with a regularity which was not very complimentary to the delegates from other countries, and the visitors waiting to get tickets of admission no longer reminded one of the gallery queue for an attractive London "first night." If there is one thing more than another which amazes a journalist in Geneva, it is the patience with which visitors sit through long debates on subjects of which they know nothing and learn nothing. But even of the American visitors very few this year have sat the whole thing through. They have fled during the translations, and have revenged themselves by crowding into the Assembly lobby—in ordinary times an hotel dining-room—where, sooner or later, they meet every diplomat, dilettante or journalist in Geneva.

This does not, of course, mean that the Sixth Assembly has been a failure. It has not been spectacular, but the League is beginning to fear the spectacular like the plague. Corfu and Vilna were spectacular and unfortunate; Austrian and Hungarian reconstruction were not, and have been successful. For the first time since the League's inception nobody, out here at any rate, has been predicting its disaster and collapse. The organization is not what people, according to their temperaments, hoped or feared it would be, but it has now become part of the annual routine of nearly all the Foreign Ministers of Europe. "We shall meet," they say to each other, "in Geneva in September," and for this most of the credit is due to Mr. Chamberlain, who, however much he has disappointed enthusiasts by his attitude towards the Protocol, has set other countries an excellent example by the regularity of his visits to Geneva. Nowadays you can hardly walk a hundred yards along the Quai du Mont Blanc without meeting a Foreign Minister, which, of course, means that the League is becoming more and more the political capital of Europe, if not of the world, although the one great question of the moment—Security—is only touched on indirectly in the Assembly.

During this quiet session the Assembly has taken steps to summon an international conference on economic questions which, if carefully prepared, should be at least as useful as the Genoa Economic Conference was futile. It has dealt with various arbitration and disarmament questions in a manner which will facilitate the conclusion of regional security pacts and will assist the cause of compulsory arbitration. It has listened to debates on

such varied topics as the revision of treaties in China, child welfare, intellectual co-operation, the reform of the calendar, the private manufacture of armaments, the opium traffic, cancer, railway communications, refugees, national minorities, and a host of other matters of lesser or greater importance, of lesser or greater interest. During the same period that more exclusive body, the Council, has held frequent meetings at which it has dealt unsatisfactorily with Mosul and satisfactorily with Austria, has passed almost innumerable resolutions, and has grown yet a little more accustomed to being stared at by casual visitors from San Francisco or Salt Lake City.

When one tries to convey in words any impression of Geneva during the Assembly, one reverts inevitably to the Americans. Although the United States is not a member of the League, citizens of the United States undoubtedly look upon the League as their private property. They are very earnest, very sincere, but a little gushing about it. Every day during this year's session they have given a large luncheon to one or more delegates at the International Club. Members of the club—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Swiss, Italians—have allowed themselves to be driven from the billiard tables and the bar lest the click of billiard balls or of glasses should interfere with the flow of ideas from distinguished delegates to distinguished or wealthy Americans. This humility is curious and rather alarming. We Europeans have long since sacrificed Stratford-on-Avon, Paris, and Rome to the Americans, but we had imagined that at least the League of Nations was our own. American comment on the League had led us to believe so.

There is talk in Geneva of a new organization—an International Society to keep the United States out of the League. It is a society with which the present writer, as an ardent billiard player, would have some sympathy. But perhaps, were the United States a member, the interest and curiosity would die down and Europeans would have some chance of seeing their League at work. All things are possible.

O RICHARD! O MON ROI!

BY GERALD GOULD

PRONOUNCE Richard in the French manner, and elongate its vowels to absurdity: conceive it the property, appurtenance, token and name of a small, shrimp-like boy: listen to it, with your spirit's ear, as it is hurled to-and-fro in a roaring masculine baritone and a querulous feminine soprano along the echoing corridors of the hotel and over the waste spaces of cliff and sand: conceive a world filled, day after day, packed and overflowing and reboant, with that cry prolonged to a parental ululation.

And then be a little sorry for Richard—Reesharr!—and spend a moment considering his probable fate.

He is a lovely boy, full of the unfurtive, un-speculative friendliness of some children and some animals (there are many children, many animals, that have not this quality; but no grown-up human being at all can possibly have it; the world has been too hard on us, before we become grown-up). How long will that rare, that innocent friendliness

last, in the presence, under the shadow, of perpetual remonstrance and rebuke? Richard (remember to pronounce Reesharr!) is three years old; he tells you so himself at first sight; he is engagingly anxious for you to know it. He will tell the world. But will he want to tell the world anything by the time he is thirteen? Or even by the time he is five?

Richard is playing harmlessly with sand: he must be stopped and driven, protesting, to bathe in the sea. "Reesharr!" Richard is bathing: he has stayed in too long: he must be haled forth and dragged, still protesting, to be cuffed and clothed. "Reesharr!" Richard is late for lunch: he must be sought with threat and objurgation; the rafters, the very planks of the floor, must ring with those minatory syllables. "Reesharr!" Richard has been here all the while, waiting—drat the exasperating child!—he must be hustled the more strenuously to cover up the accusing fact of his innocence. "Reesharr!" When other more personal memories have departed into the refuge of silence

—when the lamp from my expiring eyes
Shall dwindle and recede, the voice of love
Fall insignificant on my closing ears—

then still, along ghostly corridors, among the haunts and chambers of the unwilling mind, that dreadful "Reesharr!" will follow me to the grave.

Children ought to be happy. Is it sentimentality to think so? To me it seems on the one hand plain fact, and on the other hand the last relic of faith which scepticism may well leave to the most tough-minded and hard-hearted of us all. Children ought not to be nagged. Children ought not to be worried. I believe the sentimentality lies, not in taking trouble to make children happy, but rather in the belief that childhood is necessarily of its own nature so happy that nothing need be done to make it secure. The price of children's happiness is eternal vigilance; and vigilance often shows itself best by looking the other way. Neglect, no doubt, is bad; but it is better than fussy interference and senseless admonition. I have known some neglected children who enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

There hangs round many children, at this time of the year, a desperate heaviness. More fortunate than Reesharr in their parents, they have enjoyed some seven weeks or so of comparative neglect. They have followed their own devices, played their own games, read the books they wanted to read. Now they have returned, or are just returning, to school. It is true that schools are not what they were; they do not oppress the body and spirit as they used; and there are a large number of boys and girls who like the end of the holidays. But to others the gloom is not a matter of the sort of discipline which awaits them: it is the fact of a waiting discipline that appals. They want their freedom. I know few more melancholy passages in literature than that immortal first chapter of 'Vice Versâ,' in which Dick Bultitude expects the cab which is to take him on his way to school:

All the life and spirit had gone out of him for the time; he had a troublesome dryness in his throat, and a general sensation of chill heaviness, which he himself would have described—expressively enough, if not with academical elegance—as "feeling beastly."

The stoutest hearted boy, returning to the most perfect of schools, cannot always escape something of this at that dark

hour when the sands of the holidays have run out to the last golden grain, when the boxes are standing corded and labelled in the passage, and someone is going to fetch the fatal cab.

I shall not here argue the abstract question of discipline—whether it is necessary, and to what extent. That question, like all questions, is insoluble; and, even if there existed a theoretical solution, nobody has ever yet succeeded in subduing any theory to practice. My own idea is that everybody who can be happy had better be happy while he can, and that the best thing you or I can do for him is to let him; but I am well aware that this idea, like all ideas, has its embarrassing difficulties and limitations. Let us then take it for granted that discipline is necessary—at thirteen: that does not make nagging tolerable—at three. If the shadows of the prison-house are so soon to close, do they not furnish an argument for leaving the air of Heaven pure and peaceful while we may? "Happy those early days"—if only people whose days are later will allow them to be happy—

Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Happy those early days! The trouble is that they so often are not; and, when they are not, it is the fault of somebody other than the children.

Always at this time of year, I confess, the sadness of the children who are themselves sad envelops me like a cloud, and I cannot shake it off my spirit. And this year in particular I am troubled about Reesharr. There runs incontinently in my head an old French verse:

O Richard! ô mon roi!
L'univers t'abandonne;
Sur la terre il n'est donc que moi
Qui s'intéresse à ta personne!

It would be gross presumption to pretend that the lines have a particular application. Doubtless there are scores of men and women who interest themselves in the person of Richard; indeed, my complaint against his parents is, in a sense, that they interest themselves too much; doubtless even their cloutings and shoutings are evidence of a clumsy and perverse affection. But some application there is, all the same. A child of three, with his "shining morning face," has a right to the earth for kingdom; and I hate to see him treated less than royally.

M. DE MONZIE

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.]

M DE MONZIE, the French Minister of Education, can be taxed with several very obvious faults, but he cannot be described as boresome. He is wonderfully quick on the trigger, saying and doing things in the most unexpected manner, and nobody is swifter in his motions. You no sooner hear that he is in Rome, talking with Cardinal Gasparri, than you are informed of his nimbly skipping to Moscow, discovering admirable virtues in the masters of spiritual life there. At the beginning of last week he was reported to be on an exploration through the national estates looking for the halls in which

the latest novelty in International Co-operation could be housed, turning respected tenants out of their palatial apartments, getting attacked for it in the Press, and replying in the newspapers next morning in a tone hardly discernible from the mock gravity of a college student acting the Cabinet Minister. Before you have recovered from the slight shock you find that M. de Monzie has made up his mind to attend a convention in Copenhagen, and while you imagine him talking blank official language in that safe, ultra-neutral place here he is in Berlin, dining with "my German colleague," making fun of Dr. Braun, one of the guests, because he never said a word, and probably having another back-stairs interview with some Bolshevik official.

M. de Monzie's mental mobility equals his physical activity. An aristocrat by birth, he very early became a Radical by choice. An influential Radical he became the champion of the Embassy to the Vatican, writing that famous book, 'Rome sans Canossa,' which did more for religious peace than twenty vociferous Conventions. Enjoying a certain amount of *bien pensant* consideration for taking sides in that way, he took the tremendous bound to Moscow to which I have alluded. English readers may not have forgotten how, two days before the fall of M. Herriot, and when even the most daring rats were preparing to leave the Radical boat, this politician calmly undertook to take care of the French finances, only begging to be given forty-eight hours in which to make up his mind about the best method to make money without printing bills or to print six millions' worth of bills without impairing the currency. Less than a fortnight later M. de Monzie was Minister of Education, and stated his intention to leave teachers all possible freedom to join the Confederacy of Labour and promote Syndicalism, announcing at the same time his sincere desire to give extremists full satisfaction by creating the *école unique*—that is to say, making a ragged school the preface to Eton. But quite recently he wrote to the teachers a stern letter strictly forbidding them to say a word to their pupils in commendation of Syndicalism or Syndicalists. The answer to that document has not come out as yet, and may never come, but Syndicalist teachers are reported to have given their classes due notice that they will join the one-day strike prescribed by the Communists as a protest against the Moroccan campaign, and that is an answer in itself.

In a remarkably searching book on contemporary French literature, M. Benjamin Crémieux—well known as the adapter of Pirandello to the French stage—mentioned M. de Monzie, along with Georges de la Fouchardière and the brothers de Jouvenel, as one of the representatives of what he called the peculiar mental attitude of the College Stanislas, where, in fact, all these gentlemen were educated. This *esprit de Stanislas* seems to consist in cheerily questioning every thing that common philistinism regards as a principle. The present writer, during the twenty odd years he spent at the College Stanislas, did know a great many young minds—generally Parisian products—inclined to doubts and question, and he did his best to regulate while encouraging this propensity.

However, he cannot help remembering that while de Monzie and the two de Jouvenels, shortly after Rostand, amused their little circle by their vivacity, M. Marc Sangnier, a totally different intellect, was setting on foot the *Sillon* and trying to revive the spirit of early Christianity among boys daily crossing the byways of the Latin quarter. Let us admit that the College Stanislas, like most of the Parisian *lycées*, preferred intellectual independence to dullness, and had a partiality for wit. But M. de Monzie seems to overdo everything and to enjoy it a little too much. A Berlin satirical newspaper the other day gave his picture, with the legend: First Frenchman who came here with another intention than that of digging up rifles. I have no doubt that M. de Monzie enjoyed this more than any other comment. He likes to be the first Frenchman, and would love to be the only Frenchman doing anything. I should not be very much surprised either if his visit to Berlin had had another purpose than discussing with "my German colleague" an exchange of students and reciprocal gifts of books. Probably he is tired, like many of us, of hearing the sanctimonious world advise the French to be friends with the Germans, and he wants to see whether silence, rather than applause, will not follow a decisive move in the so-called desired direction. The experiment had to be made some day, and who will deny that M. de Monzie, with his queer smile, could do it better than M. Herriot, with his fat embrace?

VERSE

THE OLD WOMEN HEAR THE YOUNG GIRLS SINGING IN APRIL

FEATHERLIGHT, tiptoe on the air of April,
Innocent ones, dance on, by us, alas!
Ungreeted. We are old and know December,
Our orchards blossom in the heart of the fire,
Wherein we gaze the deeper for your singing
Remembering other voices, other springs.
O all too soon the grief will come upon you,
Beautiful dancers! Under the cherry boughs,
It may be, long before their blossoms sprinkle
Petals upon your hair; some glance, some tone,
Or trick of light and shade on a stranger's face
Will change you all and cheat you of your peace.
You will be led in secret through the twilight
Half-frightened, leaning on that lover's arm
Unconscious of the path. The fragrant leafage
Darkening, closing, wall and roof, around you
Will never hide your delicate sweet limbs
From the wild eyes or the light straying hands
That lure you trembling into ecstasy.
Already you will weep and burn and shudder;
And after that the chill, the grey dawnlight
And you will never be the same again
Though you seek innocence all over the world.
We know, we know, who have searched the mirror's
heart
For our own forms and found them where the flame
Has sunk and left an empty burning pit,
This dark fire. But our lovers are not there.

EDWARD DAVISON

LOVE LOCKED IN

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

ONE day they tell us the Adelphi is to go: the next day they tell us it is to remain. So, shock by shock, they weaken our resistance; they make us cry "Wolf," until we grow ashamed of finding there is no wolf, and blush for our cries. And then one day the wolf will come, and when the Adelphi has been gobbled up, we shall cry "Wolf" again, and be too late.

It is in this way that They—I do not know who "They" are, but they are very terrible and strong, and worship Ugliness and Commerce, and use the wolf as their instrument—it is in this way that They are slowly destroying London.

I am not out to discuss the economic or any other reasons for this destruction; they are no doubt very impressive, but I should not understand them were they paraded before me. Nor am I out to discuss whether or no Bush House is an advance upon the London Opera House: I think it is, but let that pass: nor whether new Regent Street is an advance upon Nash: I am very sure it is not: but let that pass, also. No, I am only asking Londoners to pause with me a moment, as they have been asked to pause by many a country epitaph, and drop a silent tear over the memory of one who was as compact of virtues, no more truly and no less, than the good lady beneath that country grave. The very lovable, human city of London is dead. Cry, if you like, Long Live London, but do not forget the Queen, who is dead. What old writer was it who broke out with: "London thou art the flowre of cities alle"? Anyway, his London was long dead and buried before even you or I were born. He is welcome to his memory. Let us cherish our London, for in our own lifetime it has become a memory.

Do you remember a wide and gracious street that went, in a slow swing, from Oxford Circus to Piccadilly Circus? Do you remember the decent shops, that were shops and not emporiums; and the cheerful stucco gleaming in the sun; and the pediments and pilasters balanced with such an aristocratic nicety? Now you may go up the raucous tunnel called Regent Street and see how that dead Regent Street "so sepulchred in such pomp" doth lie.

Do you remember a silvered figure of Eros that was once the very centre and epitome of the world's London? I found it the other day on the Embankment, in the strangest company. Alas, poor Eros, your flashes of merriment will never set stern old Raikes there in a roar, nor any one of those solemn generals and temperance reformers. You have only this cheer, that Bobbie Burns is exiled along with you, and Sullivan is preposterously mounted close by. And do you remember, Londoners, a certain solemn and stately brown house with wonderful gates, and next to it a fine, bow-fronted, Major Pendennis of a house? You will find scaffolding mostly along Piccadilly now.

I have a vivid recollection of a little, gas-lit, stuffy tent in a small seaside place—now, I am sure, a "resort"—where the pierrots sang of an



Dramatis Personæ. No. 170.

By 'Quiz.'

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME: OLD AND NEW STYLES

The tenants of certain condemned properties in Limehouse Fields object to eviction on the ground that a tenement does not provide the same opportunities for the expression of individuality.

evening. One of their regular songs had a refrain which went something like this :

Is London like it used to be?
Are the girls still there?
Do the boys still walk down the Strand . . .

I can remember no more, but this I do remember : that the little boy, with his mind full of castles and his hands grubby with wet sand—who was me—wondered at such a silly song. As if London could ever change ! Who could ever come home for the holidays, and as he journeyed along in his hansom, with playbox and trunk on top, find London not what it had always been ? But do the boys now, I wonder, still stroll down the Strand ? He would be roughly buffeted who should attempt to stroll in that maelstrom. What is the Strand now ? A way to and from the theatres, and that which has grown up where the old Tivoli stood : a street of strange shops where they somehow contrive to make shirts and chocolates look cheaply pretentious, and where through scarlet portals you may enter a sixpenny paradise of tinsel.

I am not old, but I have a mood of age upon me. They are killing something which belonged to my childhood, and I do not care whether it was beautiful or sanitary or progressive. I am all for those Limehouse folk who stuck out for their back gardens and their little, shabby homes. There is much virtue in shabbiness, and I would wish that They would keep all their spick-and-span up-to-date buildings, their street widenings and town plannings, till I am no more a Londoner. London is old, and surely she looks very ridiculous in her short skirts and *cloche* hat. Her bonnet and cloak suited her better. I wish I could grow whiskers for a night, and spend a rackety evening at the Canterbury, and be taken home in a four-wheeler, "screwed" as you like—not "well-oiled." I hate a man who gets well-oiled. I wish I could hear Marie Lloyd sing about Mr. Porter, and Dan Leno descant on the Tower ; I wish I could smoke a curved meerschaum and drink real beer ; and I wish I could see two silvered figures of Eros as I drove home in my four-wheeler as screwed as you like, but not, oh not, well-oiled.

So London passes. They will have the Adelphi sooner or later. Has it not occurred to them that St. Paul's occupies valuable space—quite a good cathedral could be built, say, at Chiswick : that St. Mary's and St. Clement Dane's seriously interfere with the Strand traffic : that there is no sky sign on the Nelson Column : or that in Bloomsbury there are several houses quite two hundred years old, which obviously have no right to stand any longer ? They are pulling the Foundling down : why stop at that ? Bloomsbury is a very hot-bed of Queen Anne and Georgian stick-in-the-mudness. I offer these suggestions gratis : and I have a great many more up my sleeve for when they finally take courage in both hands and pass a law forbidding any building to remain up for more than twenty years.

Commerce must be served : Progress must be served. Who prates of beauty ? Who prates of old associations ? Away with him. You cannot serve Memory and Mammon. So be it. And yet, as I go my philosophic way about this dear, vulgar city, I cannot but think now and again of that silvered figure, exiled from the lights and comings and goings of gaiety, to the dark loneliness of the Embankment. Surely, when They lock

the gates upon him of an evening, just at the time when, in the old days, he lorded it most, poor Eros lets his bow fall and droops very pitifully on his diminished pedestal. We have locked you in, Eros, into the Embankment gardens, and if you are good Raikes will teach you your catechism. . . . And now I must go about my business.

THE THEATRE TRUTH ABOUT TRUTH

BY IVOR BROWN

And That's the Truth (if You Think it is). By Luigi Pirandello. The Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
The Offence. By Mordaunt Shairp. The Duke of York's Theatre.

THERE are none so sheep-like in devotion as our brave young intellectuals. Somebody tells them that Pirandello is the latest thing. Somebody brings an Italian company to play Pirandello in Italian. Eyes sparkle as speech incomprehensible falls upon the delicate ears of Chelsea and of Bloomsbury. Proust is forgotten. Pirandello reigns. Why not ? It's such a soothing name to whisper over the café table. Hail to the new king ! Almost singing himself he comes. It was, perhaps, a pity to produce a play of his in English. It lets the vulgar into the mystery, and the vulgar, with their ugly, rough common sense, may decide that the mystery is a mare's nest.

What Pirandello most needs in this country is to be saved from his disciples. He is a rather skilful dramatic craftsman who can make fair play with faded and tedious notions. Present our young high-brows with any kind of mental stick and they may safely be relied upon to get hold of the wrong end of it. In 'And That's the Truth' Pirandello makes a passable comedy of some logical quibbles about the relativity of truth which would have been dismissed with the contempt proper to familiarities by any Athenian sophist of the four-twenties B.C. If our intellectuals were to argue that Pirandello puts some pretty new patches on an old garment I should agree with them. But when I hear them observing that Pirandello is an original thinker and perfectly wonderful in that function, I can only wonder in what sort of academies these young people got their education. Did they really pass straight from an epicene kindergarten to graduate at the Café Rotonde, Mont Parnasse, Paris ? Such an upbringing has long been suggested by their looks, and now by their conversation.

I used to think that an old-fashioned classical education was too narrow a vessel for the conveyance of knowledge, but now I fear that the alternative to a small cup with some content is a broad bowl with none. One would think that an intellectual would have some acquaintance with the history of intellect. The sceptical interrogations of Pirandello are simply the common-places of the class-room. Anyone who has ever approached the study of logic or metaphysics in its most elementary form must know that the dilemmas about the nature of truth and reality composed by this dramatist are no more than the hack essay-subjects set to first-year students of philosophy. The Ibsenite and post-Ibsenite theatre broadened the

drama by carrying the tripes into the green-room and extending the problem play from sex to statecraft. Pirandello added a metaphysical wing to the new school of politics, ethics, and economics, and deserves some credit for a tactical innovation. Our ignorant high-brows, however, confuse his freshness of method with his philosophical matter, which is the stalest dregs of undergraduate scepticism. To call these hoary quibbles about appearance and reality "original" is to proclaim one's devastating ignorance of the history of human thought. The readiness with which our intellectuals make this proclamation seems to me to be a scandal that deserves the closest attention of the Board of Education.

In the play now to be seen at Hammersmith, an Italian official comes to a little town whose local industry appears to be gossiping, and is immediately spotted as a man with a load of mystery. Why does he keep his wife in one flat and his mother-in-law in another and strain his small income to keep them apart? The townsfolk want the facts, and the chorus of the piece, whose industry is the working out of chess problems and the ejaculation of sceptical remarks about the human mind, points out that the truth is what we like to make it. The official maintains that his mother-in-law is mad and so must be segregated; the mother-in-law says that the man is the victim of illusions. There are moments when Pirandello approaches the composition of a really good play by suggesting the mental distress that these mutual suspicions can create. But he will not keep his work on this human level, but must be off to frisk it and flounce it with his logical negativities, which are of no possible interest to anyone who has ever considered the meaning of truth for himself. He allows his living characters to be subordinated to his sceptical abstractions. Thus the humanity of the piece, which might have been considerable, dwindles away and we are finally fobbed off with a quasi-philosophical gesture of adieu to the intensely suffering creatures of the story.

The piece was always alive, and vividly alive when the author was content to be a dramatist working out the relations of the twisted mind and the broken heart. When he remembered the importance of being Pirandello and of simultaneous juggling with a dozen baubles of tin-pot philosophy, he defied his own creative power and became a perfect bore on the Chelsea-Bloomsbury model. The living tissue of the play owed much to the admirable portraiture of distress supplied by Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Claud Rains. Mr. Frank Allanby put in some effective realism as an official, and Mr. Playfair gave his voice to the part of sceptical chorus and his directive powers to ruling discreetly the waves of small-town gossip.

'The Offence,' since its author is neither a foreigner nor dead, is not being largely fussed about. Mr. Mordaunt Shairp is not, on this showing, an expert in stage strategy, and his last act limps after the march of his preceding scenes. But this is a play with an idea in which the idea is not permitted to usurp a domineering sovereignty. Mr. Shairp has not made Pirandello's mistake and kept his humans in artistic subjection in order to exercise some philosophic flourishes over their neglected bodies. His play is a study of the child spoiled by the rod and growing up with a wounded spirit to live in hate of a flagellant father. He is

ignorant of the wound because after the childish offence and its savage punishment a serious illness caused a rupture of memory, and Mr. Shairp will have it that to understand all is to heal all. The son is saved from menace of madness by the father's admission of what dark thing had happened. Thus the son's mental continuity is restored and the mystery of his nerve-storms is dissolved. This may be fashionable psychology, but I am not at all sure that the instantaneous "setting" of a fractured mind is credible outside the text-book. That, however, is merely a debatable point. What is certain is the sincere and powerful treatment of a genuine theme and the admission to the West End stage of some human beings other than the adulterous and epigrammatic puppets of normal entertainment. The dialogue of 'The Offence' is natural, unassuming stuff, its subject is a possible occurrence of any domestic interior where the father has a short temper and a strong right arm, and its acting includes a brilliant display of hysterical collapse by Mr. Harcourt Williams.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

"CHUCK IT, SMITH"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I note with cordial approval the letter under the heading quoted above, signed "A Labour Reader," in your issue of last week. As a lifelong Tory (not a Conservative), I regret that the party in the State, which is least inimical to my principles, still finds room for Lord Birkenhead among the number of its senior counsellors.

Round about the time of the debacle of Mr. Balfour's last administration, I, in the far interior of Africa, learned from the newspapers about one F. E. Smith, who seemed to be a rising hope of the Constitutional Party. I kept my eye on his record, and some years before the war (1911, if memory serve me rightly) took the first opportunity of going to hear him—at a Unionist meeting in Edinburgh—and induced two near relations of kindred views to accompany me. The result was disastrous to our (until then) high estimation of Mr. F. E. Smith. He had devoted his address to an attack on Mr. Lloyd George ("rare fruits," "ninepence for fourpence," etc.), and we left the meeting thoroughly disenchanted, convinced that he shared fully the cheapness and the lack of sincerity of his opponent. In short, that he was simply Mr. Lloyd George under another label. Subsequent events have induced none of the three of us to alter the opinion then formed.

A needy journalist may be quite an admirable member of the community, but his place is not among statesmen; he has no right to convert a state banquet into a beanfeast; and even the legal architect of his own fortune is compelled to respect the line of demarcation between the Bench and the Bar. Blackpool is not Oxford; the respective reasons for frequenting them are not the same.

If any of their fellow citizens wrong Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead in suspecting them of cheapness and insincerity, then those gentlemen ought not to have furnished their fellow citizens with such

allusions as "Marconi's" and "Cheap Journalistic Puffs." This caveat is necessary, because both gentlemen are supposed to be learned in the law.

"A Labour Reader" must have some sympathy with Conservative opinion, "which is strangely torpid." Conservative opinion is cruelly ashamed; but it shrinks from washing the family dirty linen in public. The members of a decent family, so far as possible, avoid directing general attention to the bastards of its connexion. The Conservative Party has its Lord Birkenhead; the Labour Party has its Mr. Saklatvala, but neither likes to have either rubbed in. The duty of each party is obvious.

I am, etc.,
NOMADIC DOCTOR

Edinburgh

EUROPE AND THE RIFFS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Sultan of Morocco has offered, so the papers inform us, a reward of 200,000 francs for the body, dead or alive, of Abdel Krim, the heroic leader of the Riffs—the reward is of course really put forward by the Spanish and French Governments, for the Sultan in his "palace" at Fez is merely a puppet of the latter. But Abdel Krim and his people and their ancestors have lived in these mountain fastnesses of North Morocco for centuries, even before France was France and Spain was Spain. What should we have thought and said of the German Kaiser if during the Great War he had made such a proposal for the body of M. Poincaré? Incitements to individual assassination, the bombing of Riff villages, the killing of women and children—to this has Christian civilization descended, thus making a mockery of all the well-worn propaganda slogans used during the Great War to show how really wicked the Germans were!

In the late summer of 1917 a pamphlet, entitled 'The Pope's Peace Note,' was issued by the Catholic Social Guild, a prominent Catholic society with headquarters in Westminster. This Note, it will be remembered, was sent out from the Vatican by the Pope to the various belligerent Powers on August 1, 1917. The pamphlet I am here referring to dealt with various points of this Papal Note and had the "imprimatur" of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, who wrote a preface thereto approving of its (the pamphlet's) contents. On page 12, in a paragraph headed 'The Pope and Justice,' this Catholic pamphlet states: "He (the Pope) has condemned the invasion of Belgium, the sufferings of the innocent, and the bombing of undefended towns." Whatever truth there may have been in the charge (and I know it was exaggerated) that the Germans started this indiscriminate bombing, we at least had vast facilities for countering them; the Riffi on the other hand, apart from the defences provided by nature in the mountains, have no such facilities except in so far as by their valour they have captured material from the Spaniards or have been able to procure supplies from privateers and smugglers.

In the present Morocco campaign whole native villages have admittedly been wiped out as "punishment"—despatches from both the French and Spanish sides have announced these facts, and further attention has been drawn to them here by Mr. Gordon Canning. Nearly two years ago (and since) in your columns I was commenting severely on the silence of the League of Nations, of the Papacy, of the Catholic clergy of every land in regard to this wanton war in Morocco which was then being waged by Spain alone. Since then France has energetically joined in the fray, with the word "Peace" of course for ever on her lips but never in her heart, and the war has developed into a terrible campaign with all the heartless cruelty of the resources of modern military science. But where or when has the Vatican denounced the bombing of Riff villages by Spanish and French airmen, many of them

Catholics? Where or when has a single Catholic Bishop, either here or on the Continent, raised his voice denouncing these outrages against the laws not only of humanity but of God? For the euphemism by which Catholic teachers "get round" the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill," is to add "except in self-defence," and in the case of the Riffs there is no possible shadow of doubt as to who are the aggressors inasmuch as both the French and the Spaniards have to cross the sea to attack these Morocco natives in their own homeland.

Recent issues of the SATURDAY REVIEW have contained a not uninteresting correspondence headed 'Canterbury or Rome.' I am scarcely competent to sit in judgment on the qualifications of Mr. Alison Phillips as a historian, but this I know, that already as a boy at one of our great Catholic schools I was sometimes rather sceptical as to the truth of the Catholic interpretation of certain episodes of history laid before me. After a study of the attitudes of the Catholic body and of the Catholic Hierarchy of all countries during the Great War, after noting the strange silence of the Vatican (which is on terms of the closest friendship with the Spanish Monarchy) in regard to the atrocity of this hideous Morocco War, my scepticism above-mentioned has become even more pronounced, and I am more than ever convinced of the truth of that saying of La Rochefoucauld:

"Les vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt, comme les fleuves se perdent dans la mer."

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

CONSERVATIVES AND FOREIGN POLICY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Socialist victor at Stockport claims that popular fear of our Government getting involved in a quarrel with Turkey over Mosul was one of the factors which helped him to win the election. How far the electors of Stockport were influenced in this way outsiders cannot pretend to say, but there can be no manner of doubt that one of the trump cards of the Socialist orator is to suggest that we shall be drawn into war with Turkey over Mosul by the machinations of capitalists in general, and oil magnates in particular.

To say that such a statement, being sheer nonsense, needs no answer is merely to shelve the question. Rightly or wrongly, in order to propitiate the democracy who had been allowed no opportunity of expressing their views in a constitutional manner during the war, i.e., by the means of a General Election—we extended the franchise enormously after the war, and now have to deal with an electorate of which some millions have neither the leisure nor the inclination to think out the problems of foreign policy, but are imbued with a fixed determination not to be forced to fight in another world war. Whether this feeling has anything to do with the extreme difficulty of getting recruits for the army—which shows itself in the prodigal issue of posters suggesting that soldiering to-day means much play and little work—I do not know, but that millions of men cherish a bitter determination never to be forced to fight again, and that they believe that the Mosul business may lead to the most disastrous consequences are facts which there is no disputing. It is very galling to the old-fashioned Conservative to see the old-fashioned Imperialism steadily disappearing, but, *ex necessitate*, Democracy means disintegration, and when we decided to treat the Sinn Feiners as gallant enemies rather than as cowardly assassins we virtually hauled down the Union Jack, not merely as an emblem of unity at home but as a token of dominion abroad.

On the whole, the Conservative Press is against a struggle with Turkey, but Anglo-Catholics in the party would like to see the Turks well punished for the crimes which, as it is alleged, they have committed against their Christian subjects and neighbours. This

is natural enough, but surely the beam in our own eye must be removed before we seek to cut out the mote which disfigures the vision of the Turk. We saved France from destruction and are still her most faithful ally—in spite of the enormous debt which she owes us—and to-day the French are waging a war of extermination against the Riffs, who, but for the misfortune of the colour of their skin and the fact that they are Moslems, would be acclaimed throughout the world as "rightly struggling to be free." Against the French they have every whit as much right as the Montenegrins had against the Turks, but the fact that they were born in the wrong continent and worship God incompletely and in the wrong way, though it may not damn them in the next world, dooms them irrevocably in this.

Thurlow, Suffolk

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

MANORIAL RIGHTS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Ralph Nevill, in his book 'English Country House Life,' states that "on January 1, 1925, with the coming into force of the Law of Property Act, 1922, the ancient title of Lord of the Manor ceased to exist." If this is so, various members of the landed gentry will have to revise their biographies for next year; but I understand that this, although passed this year, does not come into force until next January, and then in due course the ancient title will automatically cease to exist, with a scale of compensation for the enfranchisement.

I am, etc.,

LORD OF THE MANOR OF WITLEY

CHORLEY, BEETHOVEN AND WEBER

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am sorry to trouble you again, but I feel I shall never be able to sleep o' nights until I have reconciled the perturbed spirits of Mr. Hussey and Mr. Chorley.

There is really no contradiction between them. They are discussing two quite different things. Mr. Hussey is talking about Beethoven performances; Chorley is talking about Beethoven's vogue and influence. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. Hussey says, Beethoven's works appear in London programmes of the eighteens and eighteen-twenties. It is equally true that, as Chorley implies, it took some years for his music to offer a check to the triumphant course of Rossini's operas. "At the time of their sudden outburst," he says, "the world of Europe was beginning also to waken to the solid and lasting claims of the great writers of the German school. Mozart was comparatively unhackneyed; Beethoven was just beginning to pierce the sympathies of the imaginative and enterprising (in spite of the imperfect execution of his works)." It will thus be seen that Chorley is not denying, by anticipation, Mr. Hussey's statistics as to London Beethoven performances. He is only pointing out that just about that time not only England but Europe in general was becoming so sensible of the towering genius of Beethoven that even Rossini's vogue was being undermined. In no sense can Chorley, who knew the musical world of his time inside out, be said to be "wrong about Beethoven," as Mr. Hussey puts it.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST NEWMAN

95 Linden Gardens, W.2

CANTERBURY OR ROME?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I hope that you will permit me as a Roman Catholic to reply to the letter which appeared under the above heading in your issue of September 5.

The Bishop of Rome only claims to be the infallible head of the Roman Catholic Church and not of any of the other Christian Churches, which Rome does not recognize. There can be no reason, therefore, for non-Catholics to raise objections to an authority which does not affect them. They should be no more concerned at the influence of Rome than Roman Catholics are at the power of Canterbury.

Roman Catholics throughout the world are not interested in the nationality, whatever it may be, either of the Pope or of the Cardinals. For they know that the true Church of Christ is international and universal, and that in the election of a successor to St. Peter the Sacred College receives Divine guidance, and is not in any way influenced by the patriotic instincts of individuals. The Papal claim to universal supremacy is not in its origin local and Italian, as your correspondent asserts; in its origin it is founded on the words of Christ to St. Peter.

I am, etc.,

G. E. HECHT

Aix-les-Bains

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—If (which I hope will be the case) I may contribute another short letter in this discussion, I would draw attention to the fact that the original point at issue seems to have been lost sight of. That point was that Mr. Nash alleged that the Reformation in this country arose simply from Henry VIII's love affairs. Of course, such a statement is absurd. It was pointed out to Mr. Nash that the repudiation of the Papal jurisdiction was made possible by precedent statutes, etc., which, while never going actually so far, contained the essential principle which implied the *Supremum Caput*, and which dated to centuries before



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Henry VIII. It is a fact, proved in all history, that revolutions do not arise out of nothing. A long chain of causes precedes them. Then some dramatic occasion precipitates them. The germs of the Reformation were long present. Whether they would have been actually born into a successful movement save for Henry VIII is a curious speculative problem; but he did not originate them.

With regard to Cobbett, I agree he was a mere popular writer. To quote him as an authority is ridiculous. Nevertheless, Mr. Alison Phillips is a bit too harsh. Cobbett helped to combat many prejudices of his time. As to the "baser sort" of Roman Catholic publishers circulating his work now, the edition circulated is toned down and has an explanatory preface by Cardinal Gasquet. I do not think anyone takes Cobbett's rhetorical style too seriously. However, I agree he ought not to be quoted in argument: especially when the late Dr. Gairdner is available!

I am, etc.,

Highbury, N.5

J. W. POYNTER

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

A SWINBURNE LIBRARY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to the article in your pages on the Swinburne collection formed by Mr. Wise, may an obscure student of Swinburne suggest a national effort to honour the memory of the poet by the formation of such a library as he would most have rejoiced to see called into being—a library of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatic literature?

Even had I the competence you would not have the space to enumerate the services of Swinburne to the study and appreciation of our older dramatists. At certain points, this or that specialist may have done more, but it is well to remember that even in regard to minute textual questions few have done anything like so memorable a piece of work as Swinburne's on the text of Chapman. But the point is that, more than any man since Charles Lamb, Swinburne was responsible for bringing home to his countrymen the dramatic power and poetic beauty of those masters. He knew the minors as probably no one else has known them. Popularly, he is supposed to have over-praised the old dramatists in the most reckless fashion, but the truth is that few even among their detractors have spoken more sharply of what in them is truly deserving of reprobation. But I need not labour all this. My object is simply to suggest that the private monument which the enlightened piety of Mr. Wise has raised to his memory in a superb collection of the poet's own writings ought to be publicly supplemented by a library of these writings which he most delighted to study.

I am, etc.,

A. N. HARRIS

Hampstead

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE enlightened enterprise which distinguishes Mr. Jonathan Cape has seldom been better exemplified than in the publication of an English version of 'Henri Brulard' (Cape, 9s. net), by Stendhal. Someone ought some day to write a book, or at least an essay, on the queer auspices under which eminent or extraordinary foreign authors have been introduced to British readers. It has always amused us to remember that Thackeray, cataloguing the atrocities a little more accurately than Coleridge recorded those of

Beaumont and Fletcher, introduced to the British public, which has never read him, the queer work of Pétrus Borel; but still odder is the fact, for unless our memory fails us it is a fact, that Lever was the first to write a considered English essay on Stendhal. It is a little as if the late Mr. Nat Gould, introducing Marcel Proust, had failed to find him an audience. For we do not read Stendhal. The more foolish we! But we predict that many will read 'Henri Brulard,' the mainly autobiographical book of its illustrious author, published in France some thirty-five years ago, and hitherto neglected in England even by devotees of Stendhal.

Of anthologies there are nowadays too many. But some welcome surely awaits 'The Comic Muse' (Collins, 6s. net), edited by Mr. J. C. Squire. He has ranged widely, drawing on Mr. Anstey, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Chesterton, Captain Harry Graham, and not forgetting Swinburne, and he has also included some quite crude work which is amusing if not literary. He might have taken thought about the unconscious humour of poets, from the classic instances in Wordsworth to Mrs. Browning's

Will you oftly
Murmur softly,

and even to a celebrated patriotic poem by the late Alfred Austin. For ourselves, we shall always complain of any comic anthology that does not include the affecting lyric by an Indian on the death of Queen Victoria:

Dust to dust, ashes to ashes:

Into her tomb the great Queen dashes!

Lord Riddell, who at one time gave up to Mr. Lloyd George what was meant for mankind, has become of late a genial adviser of people in general. His new book, 'More Things that Matter' (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net), deals with a great variety of subjects. It should, perhaps, have been entitled, 'People Who Matter,' for the best of these papers are about personalities: Mr. Balfour, Lord Haldane, and others. There are also essays on such subjects as 'Digging up the Greeks,' 'Protecting Prosperity,' 'Is Britain a Back Number?'

'The Peril of the White' (Collins, 10s. 6d. net), by Sir Leo Chiozza Money, is very lurid to look upon, externally; but a glance through it suggests that it is a serious and valuable discussion of the population question, with particular reference to the methods by which European civilization may be preserved in the world of to-morrow.

'Suburb' (Philpot, 5s. net) is a collection of sketches and essays by Mr. Allan Monkhouse, in which that distinguished writer deals with the comedies and tragicomedies of life in a Manchester suburb. Its contents, appearing originally in the chief Manchester paper, must have given great pleasure to local readers, but Mr. Monkhouse is the last person to be suspected of mere parochialism, and the book, if we may judge from the three or four pieces we have reperused, should entertain a wide public.

'Memories and Hopes' (Murray, 16s. net), by the Rev. and Hon. Edward Lyttelton, deals with school life in three public schools, and also offers us memories of sport and of travel, besides some impressions of notable personalities and a considerable number of humorous anecdotes. It seems, at first view, rather a scrap-book than a book, but evidently it has matter in it to interest very different classes of readers.

'The Mayfair Calendar' (Hutchinson, 18s. net), by Mr. Horace Wyndham, is unabashed book-making, and seems to be happier in its title than in its contents. Still, it has matter for those who like to read of old society scandals, and may serve to prove that naughtiness was not unknown before our degenerate day.

We have been asked to say that the date of publication of Mr. Lysaght's book, 'My Tower in Desmond' (Macmillan), to which we referred last week in this column, was September 15.

THE BODLEY HEAD

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Of that, too, we should have had an explanation if Mr. Wells had suspected its existence. But he did not. Never was an author more completely duped by one of his creatures than Mr. Wells by Christina Alberta. This hard little unmoral minx is presented to us with the suggestion that she has travelled a million leagues nearer independence than her mother. But has she? The mother, no doubt, was outwardly a conventional woman. But was she not, in the excellently vivid and rapid portrait Mr. Wells gives of her, far more the architect of her own fortunes than Christina Alberta? Was she not altogether stronger, more definitely herself? Mr. Wells mistakes the parade of self-will for strength of will. And even in that matter of unchastity, to which he seems to attach so much importance, the advantage was with the mother, who at least loved where she gave herself, whereas Christina had not sex enough to sin with any energy. But Mr. Wells does worse than over-value Christina Alberta. In one crisis of her story he shows her behaving as no girl possibly could. For Mr. Wells is apparently a believer in that theory, dear to mid-Victorian writers of melodrama, according to which the call of the blood is immediately audible and will instantly be obeyed. That is to say, a girl has only to gather that the stranger to whom she is talking is her natural father, and she will at once thrill to him, without embarrassment about her own position, without a side-thought of the wrong done to her mother, the deception practised on the man she has hitherto loved as her father.

Yet were all this very much better done, the prominence given to Christina Alberta and in a less degree to several other characters would damage the true story, that of Mr. Preemby. How happily Mr. Wells could have told that is evident in many pages, especially in the delicious narrative of how he recruited a following in Holborn and sought to inaugurate his reign with a great feast at the Rubicon restaurant. But the devil of realism has been by Mr. Wells's elbow throughout the writing of this book, and too often has held the hand that wielded the pen. So no sooner has Mr. Preemby fallen under the observation of mental specialists than we are treated to lurid and in their way very well done pictures of the interior of an observation ward and disquisitions on the undoubtedly unsatisfactory administration of State institutions for the insane. Did it never strike Mr. Wells that in such a story as Mr. Preemby's the place of incarceration should have been just indicated by some convention like that which on a tapestry version of old legend would have suggested the castle in which the good knight was imprisoned? To clap Mr. Preemby into a very actual lunacy ward was a blunder as well as a piece of cruelty. The thing simply could not have happened, for the very good reason that Mr. Preemby belonged to a world in which there were no such institutions, only rather agreeably alarming imaginative substitutes for them.

There are other things in the book of which Mr. Wells will never persuade us. Mr. Preemby was the private possession of Mr. Wells until the book was published; he is now ours, and we will exercise the liberty of our imaginations in deciding what did happen to that delightful creature. He was assuredly not psycho-analysed. Freud is not admitted into the world of Cervantes and of Dickens. He was not defeated. He did not die and get moralized over by the man whose bastard he had fathered. After that not very successful affair of the feast at the Rubicon, Mr. Preemby was convinced that the world was his for the taking. He had but to raise his hand and mankind would follow him. But Mr. Preemby had nobility in his heart as well as moonshine in his head. The moment he knew he could have the world, he knew he did not want it. With a sublime gesture of renunciation, he abdicated the throne on which he was just about to seat himself. He gave up all that he believed he could have had, and raised thereby to a moral altitude even more dizzy, he returned to a little laundry, which he mismanaged to perfection. Rumours of the sensation he had created in the world he had decided not to dominate reached him, of course, but he troubled little about them, and his sole comment on the narrative produced by Mr. Wells was "It won't wash." Christina Alberta, fortunately, passed altogether out of his life. He made, however, an entirely congenial friend, one Mr. Polly, and the two of them would sometimes speculate mildly why their creator had dealt with Mr. Preemby as the author of all is said to have dealt with all men, causing him to be

Born under one law, to another bound.

Had they been literary critics, they would have asked why a character like Mr. Preemby should be

Vainly begot, and then forbidden vanity, why he should be conceived in fantasy and then subjected to a discursive, disputatious realism, why he should be brought forth for our imaginative delight and then rationalized, moralized over, and turned from the unique Mr. Preemby into a sort of "Everyman."

We grudge no man his seriousness, but surely Mr. Wells in the last twenty years has done enough, in prophetic and journalistic work, to say nothing of his history of the world, to convince the public that he is a man of science, a reformer, and altogether a very helpful person. We beseech him to relapse into the mere artist, to abandon himself to the promptings of his genius. We have so many writers who could give us Christina Alberta, so few who could give us Mr. Preemby.

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The Immortal Dickens. By George Gissing. Palmer. 6s. net.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Messrs. Methuen brought out their "Rochester" edition of Dickens, to which Gissing contributed introductions. After six of the novels had appeared, the edition was discontinued. Gissing wrote twelve introductions altogether, but three of them cannot be found; the remaining nine, together with a little reprinted paper, 'Dickens in Memory,' are in this new volume. It was an excellent idea to hunt these things, collect and reprint them, and we must be grateful to Mr. Palmer and his editor, even though we cannot agree with them when they tell us that the book is as important as Forster's 'Life,' or Mr. Chesterton's 'Dickens.' In the first place, it is much too slight, and in the second the criticism it contains, though useful and pleasant, is by no means of the highest order.

Gissing makes the common mistake of dwelling upon non-essentials, upon qualities that Dickens had in common with half a hundred other writers. He never gives us the secret of his man, the key to his mind. He is for ever telling us that Dickens gives us a picture of the social life, particularly the life of the lower middle and working classes, of his time; or, that owing to his treatment of this and that abuse, such and such things were abolished; or, that Dickens broke new ground by approaching life as a realist. These are comparatively unimportant matters and they do not explain why we still read Dickens with delight. An author might have caused a score of Dotheboys Halls and Circumlocution Offices to be abolished and yet not possess a hundred readers at this late hour. One Henry Cockton wrote a story in which he attacked private asylums and the whole system of arbitrary confinement for alleged lunacy. It was a definite abuse and a really forceful attack, which caused some commotion at the time, but this piece of public service did not succeed in keeping alive the story in question, for how many of us have 'Valentine Vox' on our shelves? And this should remind us that it is a mistake to suppose that Dickens was alone among novelists in fastening upon public abuses. There were others, though their attacks were never so successful as those of Dickens because they never attracted the same attention. Dickens had an infinitely larger public and was easily able to make his voice heard. He may have unmade Dotheboys Hall, but Dotheboys Hall did not make him. In short, so far as he was successful as a social reformer (and it is easy to exaggerate his success) it was because he commanded a large audience, and the reason why he commanded such a large audience was not because he was a social reformer but because he was a literary genius of a certain kind. And it is the business of his critics to explain the nature of that genius and not to put us off with talk of his reforming activities.

Nor are Gissing's frequent references to Dickens as an original realist, who stands alone in giving us a picture of the social life of his time, any more to the point. They argue a lack of knowledge of the literature of the period. To say, as Gissing does, that the 'Sketches by Boz' "broke entirely new ground" is ridiculous, for they are hardly distinguishable from a great mass of popular writing of the time. Thus, the influence of Hook, that popular vulgarian whom Dickens soon left behind once he was grappling with 'Pickwick,' is very plain to be seen. And as pictures of social life his novels as a whole are quite untrustworthy and far inferior to those of at least half-a-dozen contemporary writers. It is useless to suggest, as Gissing seems to suggest in more than one place, that his world may appear strange to us merely because the

times have changed. His world seemed equally strange to his contemporaries. In truth it is a world of his own, made up of an enormous mass of details carried over from this world—for no writer ever managed the little facts better than Dickens—but governed by an imagination that transforms it into an entirely new sphere. Fortunately for Dickens, it is vastly more important to be able to create a delightful world of one's own than it is to be able to paint a faithful picture of any social life.

A close examination of that world and the imagination that governed it will give us the secret of Dickens's genius, beside which revelation all the comments of criticism, though they are as just and sensible and pleasant as Gissing's are, amount to little more than chit-chat. Such an examination, to be anything like final, would demand a whole volume, and it is this volume for which we are waiting. It would prove one of the best studies criticism has yet to offer. Nor would it be an easy study. Dickens is not an easy subject. He is one of those apparently simple subjects, about whom it is possible to make any number of superficial and obvious comments, who are really the most difficult of all for criticism proper. It is far easier to be adequate on a Henry James than it is on a Dickens. But this examination would reveal the fact that Dickens is perhaps our supreme example of literary genius of a distinct kind. This kind might be described as the great childish geniuses. They are men who carried forward into their adult life and work the imagination and memories of their childhood. The world they make for themselves during childhood (usually an abnormal childhood) they keep for ever, and their writing always takes them into that world. It is this that gives their imaginings a curious intensity and vitality, and with them a certain sense of unreality. Their world always succeeds in impressing itself upon our imagination (if only because it takes us back to our own childhood, though we do not realize it), but we never think of it as being the world of our own experience. It runs away obliquely from our own world. All Dickens's genius, with all its magnificent virility and its curious limitations, can be explained on this basis. Why is it that he could never handle certain types of people, certain common situations? It cannot be said that he never met educated gentlefolk, that he knew nothing of love, to name one kind of person and one kind of relation that he could never present. Gissing, like other critics, admits the limitation but cannot discover a reason. The reason is that such persons and such relations and situations never entered into the world of his childhood; only his adult mind realized them, and that was not enough; what he could not enter into imaginatively during those early years he never could understand, not, that is, for the purposes of his art. Why, again, should Dickens, above all other novelists, present us with so many characters who are not, as it were, shown us in the round, as whole human beings, but simply presented in terms of their trades and professions? Once more the answer is, because that is how such persons entered into the world of his childhood, as they do into the experience of every child. Instance could be piled on instance, for this key will unlock all his doors; and probably there is, at this very moment, some happy critic who has just finished the final chapter of 'Dickens: A Study of His Genius' and sees those doors all open. He is to be envied.

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times unconscious and the judgments at times superficial or inconsistent nobody is much the worse. Mr. Forester has an interesting story to tell and he is determined to make the most of it. "There are not," he writes, "many occasions obvious in history when upon a woman's charm depends the fate of nations; one should naturally make the most of them when they do appear." After this no one can complain of the rather liberal use of the tell-tale words "perhaps," "probably," "must have been," and "doubtless." Nevertheless the author confines himself on the whole to the accepted facts of Josephine's extraordinary career; the embroidery is not excessive, and the digressions on clothes, fashions, and etiquette are not without interest.

The daughter of a penniless planter of noble descent, the future empress was born in Martinique and lived the first sixteen years of her life in a sugar-refinery. She had little schooling and counted herself lucky in obtaining as a husband the son of an ex-governor of the island. She was even luckier to lose him, as she did in 1794, when Alexandre de Beauharnais, after commanding one of the revolutionary armies, was executed for incompetence, for less than two years later Napoleon, then a young general with a sallow face and awkward manner, fell violently in love with her. They were married two days after he received the Italian command. Thereafter, till the divorce in 1809, Josephine shared his triumphs, but while Napoleon's passion waned Josephine's affection seems to have grown. The divorce, in which she was induced to acquiesce, was dictated by reasons of State which ultimately proved miscalculated. Josephine obtained a handsome pension and consoled herself by running heavily into debt. When Napoleon was in Elba she aspired to the position of leader of the new society, but caught a chill and died. Politically her importance had rarely been very great except in arranging marriages, and there is little evidence that she ever cared very much for anything beyond men and money. An element of generosity in her nature and her marriage with "the ablest of historic men" are responsible for the number of her unnecessary biographies.

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TRAVEL books are on the whole a piously and justly hated class. Their trouble is that they are written too often by travellers and not often enough by writers. This might not be a fault, indeed it might even be a virtue, if every travel book were a matter of pioneering and adventure and could discover a new land, but the world being as well trodden as it is, we are apt to require more literary leaven than we usually find among the not-too-novel personal enthusiasts and experiences of travel-authors. And naturally the nearer and more familiar the scene the more of this literary leaven do we need.

It should take a brave man and one confident of much artistic virtue to write another book about Italy, for never did a country groan under such a mass of intolerable literature. The terror of adding to this pile should stay all but the most urgent pen. Mr. Aldous Huxley, however, has judged that he might take the risk, and having taken it he has justified himself handsomely. What makes him secure is not only the certain knowledge that he can write, but also the fact that what he has written is a book about travel and not a travel-book. Therefore although he takes Italy for the greater and France and Holland for the lesser parts of his theme, he writes about them not didactically and informatively, in the manner of travel authors, but treats them as so much literary matter, so much stuff to weave essays around, just

as he treats fellow-travellers and motor-cars and spectacles and art and the numerous cognate matters that claim the attention of the tourist on the road.

Mr. Huxley is very engaging as an essayist. He has the neat and pointed manner for it, and his wit shines best in short, disconnected chapters. He happens as well, by a fortunate chance, to be an accomplished and discriminating traveller. With Europe before him to be ranged in a 10 h.p. Citroen car, he might have chosen to discourse on Michelangelo and halt at Assisi, for which doubtless we should have been sufficiently grateful, but the fact that he discourses on Conxolus and halts at Rimini puts us doubly in his debt. He has, in fact, a very nice taste in places, and a very charming, cool and delicate fashion of describing them. On the road from Namur to Dinant, for example, he saw in actual earth and water a country which he had hitherto imagined to be only the exquisite and imaginary landscape of a canvas by Patinir:

Brimming and shining river, pale crags, and trees richly dark, slopes where the turf is the colour of whitened verdigris—I took these things for fancies. Peering into little pictures, each painted with a million tiny strokes of a four-haired sable brush, I laughed with pleasure at the beauty of the charming invention. This Joachim Patinir, I thought, imagines delicately. For years I was accustomed to float along that crag-reflecting river as down a river of the mind, out of the world. And then one day, one wet day in autumn, driving out of Namur towards Dinant in the rain, suddenly I found myself rolling, as fast as my ten horses ventured to take me through the slippery mud, along the banks of this imaginary stream.

And Holland, towards which his love of plane geometry has especially warmed him in advance, he describes delightfully in the light of that affection.

As well as a nice taste in places, Mr. Huxley has (a most important asset) a nice taste in art. Continental travel, to educated people, is largely a matter of looking at pictures, so that it is important that the travel-author, who must be continually talking of them, should look at the right ones and have something interesting to say about them. Mr. Huxley, with sound preference, chooses to look at Breughel and at Piero della Francesca, and finds something interesting to say not only about them but about art in general and about the contemporary attitude towards it. This last is a subject particularly near his heart, and he puts his finger neatly on its most diverting and conscientious follies:

Nowadays . . . there are many young people who, in their anxiety not to be thought old-fashioned, regard all pictures bearing a close resemblance to their subjects as highly suspicious, and, unless guaranteed chemically pure by some recognized aesthetic authority, *a priori* ridiculous. To these ascetics, all natural beauty when reproduced by art is damnable.

Mr. Huxley, describing himself in his subtitle as a tourist, appears to rattle on delightfully about just what inconsequent matters take his fancy, as any other tourist might; but if, in reality, he had either chosen less well, or judged less well or written less well, the touristical flavour would remain in the writing but not the delight.

A PILLAR OF THE STAGE

My Life in Art. By Constantin Stanislavsky.

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THERE is a Russian immensity about this book; it is a very continent of reminiscence. To the theatrical world Stanislavsky is known by the wonderful partnership with Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, which created and sustained the Moscow Art Theatre, but it takes the author nearly three hundred pages to reach that historic session of two men in a Moscow restaurant. They met at ten in the morning and were still talking at the same table at three o'clock the next morning. But the parley was one of the most fruitful in all theatrical history. There had been a marriage of true minds and the Moscow Art Theatre was its result. Without the existence of that play-



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house Chekhov might have abandoned the drama after the failures in St. Petersburg that reduced him to suicidal distress. Dantchenko it was who saw the dramatic treasury buried in Chekhov's mind, Stanislavsky who turned those riches into the currency of theatrical presentation, both as actor and producer of Chekhov's plays.

To all the English admirers of Chekhov this book will be indispensable. It portrays the man sensitive, generous, laconic, and always more proud of his medical degrees than of his literary creation. It describes in detail the extraordinary concentration of the Art Theatre Company whenever a new piece was to be staged. Our repertory companies have, of necessity, to throw a new play on the boards at weekly or fortnightly intervals. Stanislavsky and his men would devote months of thought and study to a fresh production, make journeys to bathe themselves in the local atmosphere of its scene, and ponder all manner of realistic accuracies. It was their faith that through the external naturalism of visible detail the actor could be helped to the spiritual naturalism of the part. Realists on the stage are constantly accused of not letting us see the wood for the trees. Stanislavsky refutes that charge, and states his case for the spiritual realism at which his company has always aimed. Unfortunately they have never played in England, but anyone who has chanced to see them on the Continent of Europe or in America will know that Stanislavsky's case for realism does not need literary support. He has proved it in action by the exquisite rhythm of his players' team-work and the poignant intensity with which even the tiniest part is played. "There are no small parts, there are only small actors." "One must love art and not oneself in art." These were rules set down in the minutes of the Moscow Art Theatre. They were not only set down. They were enforced.

Before the Dantchenko-Stanislavsky partnership, the Russian Theatre was a hot-bed of gaudy theatricalism and green-room vulgarity. These two reformers took the stage back to life and brought to the stage that superb mirror of Russia's mood, the art of Anton Chekhov. In the twenty years that preceded the revolution they led the artistic life of their country and their fame went out across the world, whither they have in these stormier times been forced to follow it. The Soviets have their new drama. It is for the most part a violent, noisy, pretentious combination of propaganda and mechanical "stuntsmanship." Before long the Moscow Theatre may have tired of its ridiculous "proletcult," with its notion that art is a sub-section of Marxian economics, and may have learned better manners. In that case it will send for Stanislavsky. He must be tired of foreign capitals by now. For he is a Russian of the old type, and his work was to cleanse his native stage of its corruptions. Throughout his long narrative the artistic honesty of the man is a light that beckons the reader onward. It contains much beauty and depth of thought. Particularly noble is the author's refusal to court the favour of the young Russia, with whose ideals he argues gravely and liberally. English readers may find especial interest in Stanislavsky's chapters on Isidore Duncan and Gordon Craig, but there is nothing in all the book's vast extent that has not been touched with a fine quality by one of the finest minds that ever entered a stage-door. The book is worthy of the man.

A MAN UNTAMED

Henry Thoreau: *Bachelor of Nature*. By Léon Bazalgette. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

M LEON BAZALGETTE is of those who would renew the form of biography. In place of a plain narrative alternating with criticism, they are for presenting a biography of the spirit. Their aim is to pro-

duce the effect of a psychological novel that eschews the trick of dialogue; an interpretation of character that would read as well if the name of the hero were fictitious. Thus, M. Bazalgette barely has an excerpt or quotation from the written memorials. With all devices of rhetoric to stimulate attention, Thoreau is exhibited reacting against circumstance, living his days under the pressure of moods and determinations. And it can fairly be said that the advantages of the method are here reaped. Thoreau, that Emersonian mystic, practical handyman, and social hedgehog, usually repels the first approach; diligence is required to discover and value the honey hidden in the rock. Whereas M. Bazalgette sets forth a quite credible personality, harmonizes and rounds it off. Almost too cleverly and pleasantly, perhaps. For it is a far more complicated and puzzling Thoreau that one finds in the works and letters and friendly reminiscences; a Thoreau both of smaller and larger reach. One has to reckon with the perversity of the man, his calculated exaggeration, his brag, his masquerade of the commonplace. One misses, in M. Bazalgette's study, the irritating and tonic quality, the paradoxes with their vein of poetry and wisdom. M. Bazalgette, loving his hero, drawing out his honesty and wholesomeness, overlooks the limitations and inconsistencies, the amusing or amazing mixture of violent affirmations and crude negations. Stevenson, one remembers, passed him on as a standing enigma. Perchance one best approaches the problem by setting Walt Whitman and Thoreau side by side. Here are two contemporaries, individualists of the most aggressive type, claiming to absorb the Cosmos within themselves. Whitman is sure that he is himself, and the average man, and the world at large. Thoreau abominates the average man; is the savage refusing to be tamed, the labelled "skulker" and deft craftsman who constantly imposes the ideal demand upon himself and all others. Thoreau, ever about to discover the secret of nature, and making experiments in the simplification of human life, is a success or a failure, as you choose to take it.

A LION OF SOMERSET

My Reminiscences. By S. M. J. Woods. With personal appreciations by P. F. Warner and G. L. Jessop. Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.

THE paper cover of this book reminds us that the author was a forceful forward of the Rugby field, but he is best known as a cricketer and the finest of sportsmen, full of the will to win, yet enjoying every moment of the play. Born in Australia, he had the pleasures of the open-air life before he came to England and Brighton College, a nursery of fine athletes. At Cambridge Woods, bowling his expresses, and MacGregor, standing up to the wicket to snap any chance and take any hurt with calm indifference, were the perfection of cricket, and the strong man with the resolute chin claimed any amount of victims, including the best professional batsmen. Forceful rather than elegant as a bat—there was a Palairt to do the elegance for Somerset—he carried his county on his back for years. Somerset inflicted surprising defeats on its rivals at the top, though its "happy band of brothers" were few and not always able to catch. Mr. Woods with no particular training lasted long for a fast bowler, and "he once bowled at the Oval from half-past eleven until half-past five without an easy." But he was no intimidating monster banging the ball down without thought. He had brains; he varied his paces; and was capable of bowling a special ball to get out a man with one eye.

So his comments on the game past and present are well worth considering. Once in August at Taunton he found the men of Notts worn out in the pavilion, "so tired that their dressing-room seemed more like an opium-den than a dressing-room." That

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points to what many keen followers of cricket know, that county cricket is overdone, and the players, some while before the end of the season, too stale to do themselves justice or animate the spectators. Grace, we learn, only let four balls pass to the wicket-keeper in a whole innings. It is quite usual to-day to see two or three in one over left alone by leading batsmen. Yet, as Mr. Woods says, "a bad fast bowler is the best thing in the world to bat against, and I ought to know." Fielding has improved of late years, we are glad to note, but older players with made reputations do not strive to get over their sloth in the field, and Mr. Woods notes important points like that. He could never be dull, as he has a natural gaiety which bursts out into stories. One is of a cricket match in the South Sea Islands, when he was faced with a side of eighty or so. "At the end of the day they had made 150 for 70 wickets. I got 44 of them." The chapter on 'Some Notable Hitters' is capital, but Mr. Woods ought to have seen Mr. Carr. Perhaps he has repaired that omission since this book was written. In the West Indies he got invitations to coon dances with "T.W.B.F." on them. This meant, "There will be fun," and that might be the author's motto on the field and off it. This kind of care-free, dashing amateur is the very making of cricket, which ought not to degenerate into average-hunting and a cautious 4 in an hour. When after years of effort for Somerset the worst of the 'isms came to be felt, "Sam" was still battling on, and would reply, says Mr. Jessop, to a query about his welfare:

My side's a bit strained, my left knee's got water on it, and I've got rheumatism in my neck, still I'm pretty fit, me dear, thank you.

"Freer bats for the future, and better length bowling, whether with a swerve or without it": that is the hope and recipe of a writer who knows the game. Mr. Warner and Mr. Jessop are both journalists. Why did they not read the book and point out the numerous repetitions in a late chapter? It is possible to play the peculiar twisters of the English language, and it used to be considered worth while.

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IN these reprinted papers by the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* there are more signs of the level head than of the darting wit. There is plenty of room for the balanced mind in a field where brilliance sometimes fails to be just because it is so busy trying to be readable. Mr. Darlington concedes nothing to the spirit of bravura in his writing and his work is the fruit of a temperate, mannerly mind. He is at his best when he has space at his command and can follow up some tangle of argument in a diligent, unhurried essay. On the supposed contrast between "literature" and "acted drama," he gives an excellent example of his cogent clearness of thought and style. One type of critic is best in judgment of an objective kind, the other in self-revelation as he puts his mind to work on the work of others. Mr. Darlington's class is the former and he does not let it down.

Light Infantry in the Eighteenth Century. By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.

NOT only professional students of military history, but all who are interested in the development of modern methods of warfare, should make a point of reading Colonel J. F. C. Fuller's book. The author is well known as an able and suggestive lecturer at the Staff College, and he now presents the fruit of some of his historical research in a very readable shape. He aims at showing how the lessons of the Seven Years' War, and in particular our campaigns in North America, enabled a few clear-sighted men to initiate changes in infantry tactics, discipline and equipment which ultimately brought about the supremacy of the "thin red line" of British battle. To-day we are again faced with the need for changes in infantry tactics. Colonel Fuller's thoughtful book, along with its sequel on Sir John Moore's system of training, should be most helpful to "thinking soldiers."

Autumn Books



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By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Professor at Yale University, author of "The Character of Races," "Civilization and Climate," etc. Illustrated with photographs. 8vo, Cloth, 21s. net.

This volume recounts the author's recent travels in Japan, Korea, China, Java and Australia; but its interest lies not so much in what he saw, but in the fact that he saw everything with a consciousness of its anthropological and humanly geographical significance; this gives his narrative a fresh quality, a new colour, which makes it unusually interesting. It is a highly revealing book from any point of view—political, economic and racial—for the author has his own viewpoint and a truly discerning eye.

The Senate and the League of Nations

By the late HENRY CABOT LODGE. 8vo, Cloth, 16s. net. (Prov.)

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1. Stands where it should stand, you can not deny it.
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3. The Poor Man's Weatherglass there are who call it.
4. I've seen it printed, ne'er heard people bawl it.
5. One of our mother Earth's a natural day.
6. From wondrous plant take what's concealed away.
7. Do so, and you will find it without fail.
8. Now, if you please, yourself you must curtail.
9. Demands no long-drawn proof what in me lies.
10. To this world bound, not roaring to the skies.

Solution of Acrostic No. 184.

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Umbrageous S
A nagra M
S unris E
I nterlocutor R
M ann A
O rienta L
D astar D
O perett A

¹ Horatio Nelson, *Honor est a Niño.*

ACROSTIC No. 184.—The winner is Mr. J. Fatkin, Mayfield, Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire, who has selected as his prize 'Memoirs and Reflections,' by Lady Troubridge, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on September 12. Sixty-one other competitors chose this book, 9 named 'Penguin Island,' 9 'The Baker's Dozen,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Dolmar, Ruth Bevan, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, and Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Bolo, Carlton, Martha, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Reginald Eccles, Zoozoo, Monks Hill, Miss Vera Hope, G. W. Miller, Lillian, Margaret, Gay, Met, and R. Ransom.

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ACROSTIC No. 183.—One Light wrong: Margaret. Two wrong: Miss M. Haydon.

C. A. LADSON.—Will look into the matter. Very glad to know that you find our acrostics entertaining and educational.

BAITHO.—May it not be as much a man's duty to society to prosecute a slanderer and libeller as to prosecute a thief or an embezzler?

LT.-COL. WOLSELEY HAIG.—No; Hooker speaks of "comfortable visitations."

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MOTORING

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AS a result of a visit to America, Colonel Hacking, Secretary of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, has drawn up a plan which he suggests would bring employment to man, thousands of those out of work, place the steel industry on a more prosperous basis, and generally revive industry in Great Britain. He suggests that the Road Fund should be capitalized and that with the money thus raised all those schemes for new roads which are now held up by disputes between various local bodies about the distribution of the cost should be put into operation. Improved transport facilities must necessarily help to improve commercial opportunities; therefore it is not motorists alone who will be ready seriously to consider the suggestion emanating from the Society of Motor Manufacturers. In order to make his scheme commercially sound, Colonel Hacking suggested that the Government should acquire the land on each side of the new roads, because after the roads are completed its enhanced value would be a further source of revenue. He believes that the present prosperity in America is largely the result of the thousands of miles of good roads which have been built during the past few years. These roads have been financed by the issue of highway bonds, guaranteed by the income from motor taxes. The roads were built, and in a great many cases the bonds have been bought in and the ordinary taxpayer has not been called upon to contribute one penny towards the cost thereof. This has been the case where the land by the side of the new highways has been acquired and has materially increased the revenue when sold at an increased value upon the completion of the road.

* * *

The Road Fund which is provided by the taxation of motorists, is at present our chief source of revenue for new roads, or for the improvement of existing ones. It has been suggested from time to time in these columns that in place of the Ministry of Transport making grants from this source to the various local bodies, they should support the granting of a loan, to be paid back in instalments with interest and capital over a period, instead of giving the sum entirely out of income. Perhaps, now that the suggestion comes from so powerful a trade as the motor industry, some attempt will be made to capitalize the income; it is understood that from this source a sum of sixteen million pounds is already lying in hand as a surplus, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer wishes to divert to the Electrical Commission in place of its proper use on the highways. The total amount that could be raised, even if this income was fixed on a statutory basis and limited to, say, sixteen million pounds per annum, would be an immense sum. Given economy in administration and the power to borrow on well approved schemes only, a large amount of the present delay in regard to many existing road schemes would be abolished. For instance, the great London Dock Road Scheme which is at present held up because the London County Council, the Port of London Authority and the Government cannot agree as to the amount each should contribute towards its cost, could be put in hand, for it ought to pay for itself. At least it would give employment to a vast number of men out of work, and as a large number of viaducts are needed, the steel industry would receive an impetus that might lead them to re-open many furnaces which are now idle. If this scheme was put into operation and followed by others that are now under consideration, many hundreds of thousands of the unemployed would cease to be receiving the dole and instead be earning wages.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Treasury announcement that the Bank of England has been authorized to receive tenders on September 29 for £40,000,000 3½% Conversion Loan came as no great surprise to the City, as such an offer was realized to be a possibility. Congratulations, however, are due to all concerned for the careful manner in which the offer was kept secret till actually made; nothing could have been done better; there was not a whisper of it prior to the Stock Exchange closing on Tuesday afternoon. It is a foregone conclusion that the issue will be a great success.

BALANCE SHEETS

That Directors of public Companies are in a position of great responsibility is a fact that probably all shareholders appreciate. We look to our Directors to keep us informed as to the progress of the concerns in which we are interested, and if the outlook is bad we expect to be told truthfully and fearlessly. There is, however, another side of the picture, and that is when businesses are doing well; I feel Directors frequently err on the side of over-caution on these occasions. The habit is growing for Companies to present balance sheets so replete with hidden reserves that they hardly represent a true state of their Companies' affairs, a position manifestly unfair to the average shareholder who may form an erroneous opinion of the value of his shareholdings, and sacrifice his shares at a price well below their actual value as known to Directors but not to him.

MARSHALL'S

My attention is drawn to this position by the fact that shareholders in Marshall's Ordinary, the Leeds Drapers, have been bid 26s. for their ordinary shares. Last February I drew attention to these shares, and recommended a purchase at 20s., on the grounds that the then forthcoming balance sheet would disclose greatly increased profits and a much larger dividend. When the report arrived shareholders only received 7½%, which I considered distinctly disappointing; but I was informed that the balance sheet had been drawn up in a most careful and cautious manner which would ultimately prove advantageous to shareholders—probably a thoroughly justifiable procedure. Early in May this year this Company issued 150,000 preference shares. On May 9 I drew attention to what I considered a hardship to ordinary shareholders, inasmuch as, although they were promised preferential allotment, they only received allotment on the basis of a little over 11% of their ordinary holdings, despite the fact that they should have been entitled to 50%. Since the issue of these preference shares, the market for the ordinary has been poor, presumably disgruntled shareholders being desirous of reducing their shareholdings. Up to quite recently the market price of the shares was about 18s. 3d. Last week they rose to 20s. 9d. On Friday, however, a heavy onslaught was made on the shares, and they fell to 19s. Saturday morning's post brings with it a bid of 26s. on behalf of the Austin Friars Investment Trust, with the Directors' advice to shareholders to sell. I feel a certain amount of responsibility in this matter, as I advised my readers to buy these shares, at that time confidently believing that they were worth 30s. The Company has excellent businesses, and by its issue of preference shares has adequate funds. I suggest that the buyers at 26s.

know much more of the Company's real position and prospects than the shareholders who are invited to sell. The offer contains the statement that the Directors will continue to act in their present capacity; in other words those whose energy and ability have got the company into its present very strong position will continue at the helm.

I submit, with all due deference to the Directors, that shareholders will be ill-advised to accept 26s. for their shares; in my opinion they should have been standing in the neighbourhood of 30s. since the beginning of this year. I deplore the fact that the Directors did not see their way to issue a circular immediately negotiations started, some few weeks ago, informing shareholders that negotiations were proceeding that would probably enhance the value of their shares, and advising them not to sell. Friday's fall in the price of the shares was probably not unconnected with Saturday's circular. I would not like to be misunderstood: I do not for one moment suggest that the Directors of the Company have acted in any manner other than in that which they consider to be in the interest of the shareholders; but I do not agree with the present advice, and I think that shareholders should retain their shareholdings. The Company, in my opinion, can easily pay 10% on its ordinary shares, and this may rise to 15% or 20%. The present price of the shares is 26s.

SOUTH CROFTY

There are distinct signs of a renewal of interest in tin shares, based on the fact that the metal has remained steady at a satisfactorily high level for some months. I would draw attention to the shares of Cornwall's Premier Tin Mine, South Crofty. I am informed that recent developments at South Crofty have been of a most satisfactory nature, and insure at least the continuance of the present threepenny quarterly dividends. In addition, South Crofty owns a wolfram mine as well as a considerable stock of wolfram. Wolfram has been almost unsaleable for some years owing to a glut left over at the end of the war; but it is now in some demand, the price having risen from 4s. a unit to over 19s. This will constitute a nice nest egg for South Crofty. Crofty also produces arsenic, and although at the moment this is fetching a bad price an improvement can be looked for. I consider South Crofty an attractive mining investment at the present price of about 9s. 6d., both for good dividends and capital appreciation.

NOBELS

At the meeting of Nobels Industries, held last week, the Chairman unfolded a tale of continuous prosperity. The deferred shares of this Company receive dividends after the ordinary have received 10%; this year the ordinary dividend was 9%. During the next twelve months these deferred shares will probably come into prominence, and I recommend them at the present price of 11s.

TEA CUM RUBBER

I am still very much in favour of rubber shares, and believe that we shall see them considerably higher in the next three months. Now that tea is also springing into prominence, I think a purchase of tea cum rubber shares should prove profitable. I suggest the £1 shares of the Neboda (Ceylon) Rubber and Tea Estates, Limited, and I consider a purchase of these at the present price of about 23s. 6d. a good speculative investment.

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(A.D. 1885.)

EXAMINATIONS.

Notice is hereby given that the next Examination of candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds, on the following dates:—

Preliminary Examination on November 9 and 10.
Intermediate " November 11 and 12.
Final " November 10, 11 and 12.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice to the undersigned on or before October 6, 1925.

Women are eligible under the Society's Regulations to qualify as Incorporated Accountants upon the same terms and conditions as are applicable to men.

By ORDER OF THE COUNCIL,

A. A. GARRETT,

Secretary.

50 Gresham Street,
London, E.C.2.

Company Meeting

NOBEL INDUSTRIES, LTD.

The Sixth Ordinary General Meeting of Nobel Industries, Ltd., was held on September 18, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Sir Harry McGowan, K.B.E. (chairman and managing director), who presided, said that their home trade in explosives and accessories during the year 1924 had kept up surprisingly well considering that general conditions of trade throughout the country had been none too good. Like all suppliers of colliery furnishings, the condition of the coal trade, who were their largest consumers in the United Kingdom, gave them a good deal of concern, and he was sure that the shareholders would identify themselves with the policy of doing everything possible, while providing a reasonable return on their capital.

Their trade in the export markets of the world continued on a satisfactory basis. Canadian Explosives, Ltd., had a good year in 1924, and the satisfactory results of the present year, as compared with the corresponding period last year, reflected the mining and other developments involving the use of explosives in the Dominion of Canada. The consumption of explosives in the South American continent was considerable, and satisfactory arrangements had been perfected which in their opinion would make for the maintenance and extension of a profitable business in that country, while African Explosives and Industries, Ltd., had had an excellent year. They had felt all along that an amalgamation of the explosives industry in South Africa would be to the advantage of the consumers, and the general results of the first year's operations had exceeded their expectations.

Their metal industry had done well during the year under review. The improved quality in their products at Birmingham, such as sheet and rolled metal, was being maintained, and was reflected in the increased volume of business in a highly competitive market. On the military ammunition side, they commanded a substantial share of the British Government orders, and the quality of their output gave every satisfaction.

As to the future, the unrest and anxiety caused by the coal dispute must remain with them until they saw a settlement and had clearer knowledge of the future financial state of that industry. All he could say, therefore, was that he was hopeful that trade abroad would be well maintained and that the increased revenue from their investments and allied undertakings would compensate to a large extent for decreased volume of business with the coal mining industry in this country during the current year.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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